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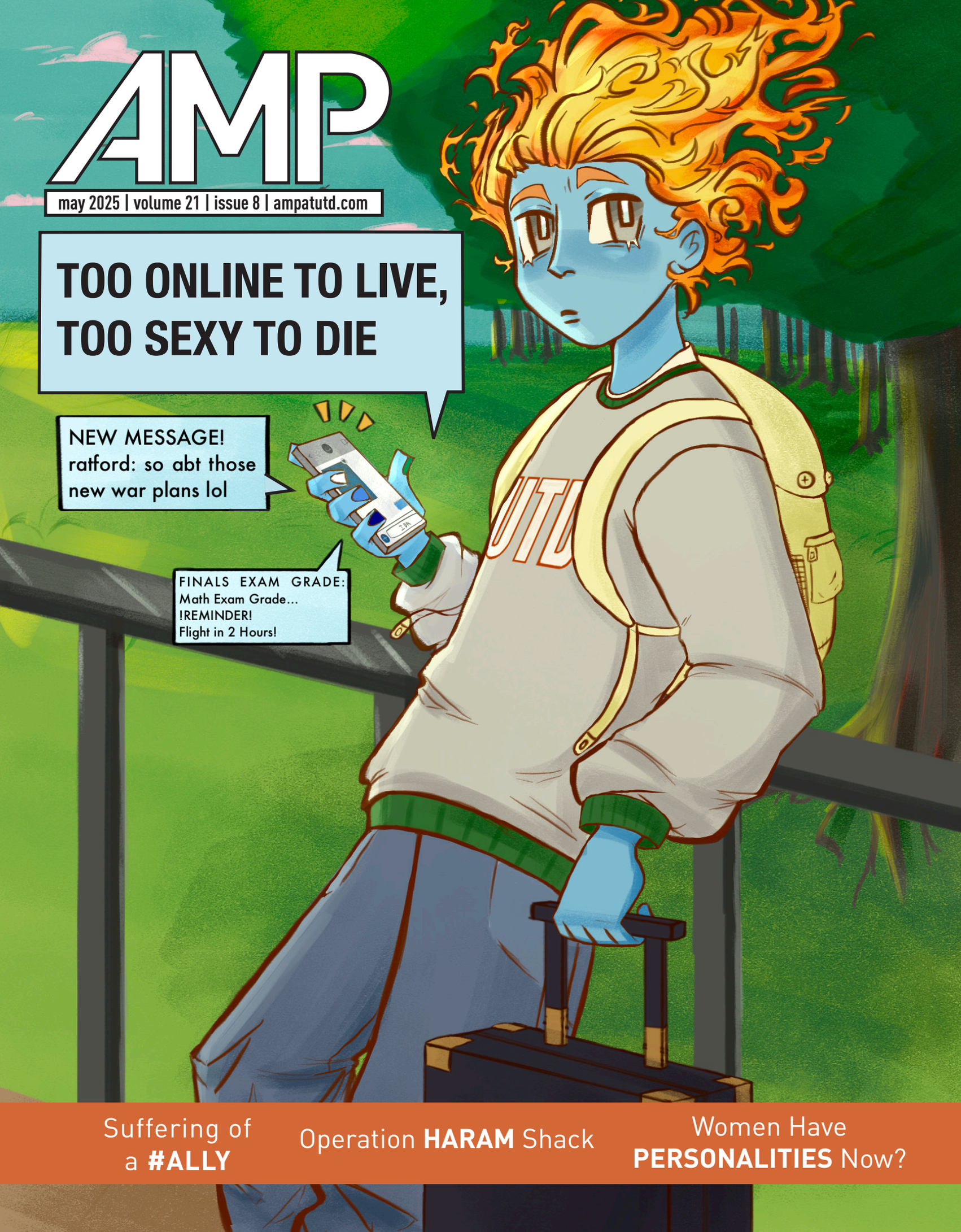
TOO ONLINE TO LIVE, TOO SEXY TO DIE
NEW MESSAGE!
ratford: so abt those new war plans lol
FINALS EXAM GRADE:
Math Exam Grade...
!REMINDER!
Flight in 2 Hours!

Suffering of a **#ALLY**

Operation **HARAM** Shack

Women Have **PERSONALITIES** Now?

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AMP HOROSCOPE

Taurus

Trust your intuition. In fact, blindfold yourself all month. Your other senses will guide you, like Master of the Splits Jean-Claude Van Damme in his hit 1988 film "Bloodsport."

Gemini

TThe stars are taking bets on how many miscarriages you can have in a month. Gemini will put you in a raffle for a copy of Mario Kart World (Nintendo Switch 2 not included) if you can manage at least four.

Cancer

Now's the time to act on your secret long-standing vendettas to get what you want. Remember: if they cry during the argument, *they're* manipulating *you*.

Leo

The stars have decreed, in all the infinite wisdom of the cosmos, that you're especially breedable right now. Go see what your Gemini friends are up to this month.

Virgo

This month you are fated to fix your relationship and career issues by going to a furry convention. That's all the stars care to say.

Libra

Bitches love your swag. But that's not the only thing important in life. Have you cleaned your room this… year?

Scorpio

Have you perhaps tried learning from your past instead of endlessly dooming yourself to repeat it?

Sagittarius

You're a natural leader, so say the ethereal whispers. Try leading some bitches to your goddamn bedroom.

Capricorn

Keep doing what you're doing. 99% of people stop running from their problems right before they miraculously go away with no consequences.

Aquarius

Bitches HATE your swag. You bring dishonor to your ancestors and exist so others can feel better about themselves. Er, so say the fates. I'm just the messenger.

Pisces

Your love life may be failing in every possible way, but don't fret — the Trump administration is sure to roll out state-issued girlfriends any day now, meaning you can neglect your beloved with up to 33% more apathy!

Aries

You have more power than you think. Embezzlement is only a crime if you get caught.

ARTIST: YIYI DING

SASHA WUU

junior | atec

aquarius sun, aquarius moon, leo rising.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: SPICE & SAUCE & EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN

Roman Cucina

Alongside Coit's treacherous roads lies Richardson's best kept secret, Roman Cucina — a paradise of all things Italian. Soft candles and dark interiors greet you as you cross the threshold and wait for your eyes to adjust. All the waiters at Roman Cucina are the sweetest, most attentive people in the world. No matter who you meet, they'll lead you to your table with a smile. You'll be seated in a romantic, though slightly cramped, booth and offered bread and butter. We opted for the Al Fuoco in fettuccine, though our waiter helpfully reminded us that we could choose a different pasta shape if we so desired. Along with the dish, we were pleasantly surprised to receive a starter house salad, which was absolutely delicious. The pasta initially wasn't spicy, but was perfectly delicious after a generous helping of red pepper flakes. We also ordered the tiramisu, which was soft, decadent, and irresistible. We finished the entire thing in a few bites. Overall, Roman Cucina is an excellent place for a romantic sit down dinner for two. The ambiance is unmatched, the food is absolutely delicious, and the waitstaff is incredibly helpful and friendly. The only restaurant that I've been to where every aspect has been a 10/10!

Food: 10/10

Ambiance: 10/10

Value for money: 10/10

Service: 10/10

Zenna Thai

Zenna Thai is located close to CityLine on Renner — if you've ever been near Chuy's, it's only five minutes away. However, visit with caution; this place was NOT it, at least for me. At first glance, the restaurant was homey and inviting, with live music and a bustling atmosphere. We took our seats near the live musician and browsed through the menu. I ordered the Pad Thai with a miso soup on the side, and my friend ordered the chicken skewers. Imagine my surprise when her chicken skewers came out as chicken skewer, singular. My Pad Thai wasn't so bad, but my friend's noodles were so sweet that it tasted like "peanut butter with no jelly" — her words. The miso soup tasted too much like vodka, but was otherwise tolerable.

On the dessert menu, fried ice cream caught our eye, but fried ice cream was not what we received. Our waiter morosely deposited a chunky ball of flour on our plates, and when we took a bite, not only was the ice cream frozen solid, it tasted incredibly sour. For the first time in my life, we sent a dish back. My friend raised her hand and waved the server over, but he pointedly avoided our gaze and busied himself behind the counter. Eventually, however, another server noticed our plight and caught his attention. He took the dish back, but we were still charged for the food. Overall, Zenna Thai was not the place for me in terms of food, service, and overall value for money. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm heading back to Roman Cucina.

Food 4/10

Ambiance 8/10

Value for money 4/10

Service 2/10

SHREYA PARIMAL
senior | neuroscience
idk anymore

AMP WATCHES: INDIE FILMS TO TRANS YOUR GENDER TO

Considering how deeply the trans agenda has wormed its way into *AMP's* ranks, it was only a matter of time until we did a trans-themed film review. It's nothing short of a miracle that either of these films exist; "Tangerine" was filmed entirely on an iPhone and "The People's Joker" nearly got axed during its worldwide premiere at the Toronto Film Festival. Despite the odds, trans film is still alive and well from the streets of Los Angeles all the way to the high-rise rooftops of Gotham. Join us on the unhinged, hilarious, and tragic journeys that these fantastic films have to offer.

CONTENT WARNING: transphobia, sexual content, and copious amounts of clownery

TANGERINE (2015)

Director Sean Baker's breakout film "Tangerine" is a Christmas story in a similar way that "Die Hard" is a Christmas story: it welcomes the spirit of the holidays through gratuitous violence and high-stakes drama. Enter Sin-Dee Rella, a transgender sex worker from Los Angeles that just returned from a month spent in the slammer. She meets up with her friend Alexandra, another trans sex worker, at a local donut shop on Christmas Eve to catch up on what she missed. Then the first domino falls — Sin-Dee learns that her boyfriend Chester's been cheating on her in her absence. This sets in motion Sin-Dee's glorious reign of terror through the streets of LA to exact her revenge on Chester and his side piece. Despite Alexandra begging her to give up the hunt and just dump Chester's sorry ass already, Sin-Dee's a woman on a mission. They run into several of their friends on the street and tell them what's happening, uncovering the breadcrumb trail that will lead them to Chester and his new girl.

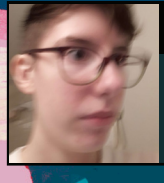
At this point we're introduced to another character, Razmik. He's an Armenian immigrant that works as a taxi driver and we eventually discover that he's a chaser (i.e. someone who is attracted to trans people and "chases" them in a fetishistic way) when he tries picking up a woman and gets upset once he realizes she doesn't have a penis. One of the most entertaining things in this film is how transness is treated as the norm since we're primarily following trans characters and people who are attracted to them for their transness. The "trans deception" trope is far more common in film than I'd prefer, but this was the first time I'd seen someone get upset at a sex worker for NOT being trans and it got a chuckle out of me.

Anyway, Sin-Dee and Alexandra temporarily part ways to follow their own sidequests. While Sin-Dee's getting closer to tracking down the woman that wronged her, Alexandra's trying desperately to get people to come to her Christmas show at the club that night. As she passes out dozens of flyers, everyone's collective disinterest becomes increasingly apparent to her. Alexandra keeps at it, trying not to let it get her down. She gives a flyer to Razmik when she runs into him and he seems like he genuinely wants to go. Alexandra remains hopeful that he'll come see her for reasons outside of sex, but the jury's out on whether or not he'll commit.

Meanwhile, Sin-Dee breaks into a motel room and discovers her target: a white, cisgender girl named Dinah who's apparently the one that's been sleeping with Chester. She drags Dinah out by the hair and takes her hostage so they can all have a chat at the donut shop later. As the two girls are on the bus headed to the donut shop, Sin-Dee realizes something — she completely forgot about Alexandra's show, and now she's running late. She makes the split-second decision to drag Dinah with her to the club, but once they arrive they realize they're the only two who showed up. Either way, the show must go on. After a very sweet and funny scene of them all helping Alexandra with her makeup in the bathroom, we get to hear Alexandra sing a few beautiful Christmas ballads to an indifferent crowd. Sin-Dee gives a standing ovation and they all continue to the donut shop afterward.

While this is happening, Razmik decides to abandon his family's Christmas dinner and see if he can catch the last bit of Alexandra's show. He leaves despite their outrage and discovers that he missed the whole performance, but he follows the three girls once he learns that Sin-Dee — who he's apparently a frequent client of — is back on the streets again.

BRIANNE BITAR — ARTIST
junior | atec
pun maestro and 'weird but true!' fact enjoyer



MICKEY DOLPHIN — WRITER
senior | atec
Bloodborne (2015) made me transgender but not in a way that's comprehensible

Time for the moment of truth… everyone confronts Chester and we get the most colossal crash out ever. Alexandra and Dinah watch Sin-Dee chew out Chester before Razmik arrives to ask where Sin-Dee's been for the last month, and then Razmik's freaking mother-in-law and wife follow him to the donut shop to interrogate him about his affairs. Everyone's yelling at each other until the owner kicks them all out.

Suddenly, betrayal?! Chester confesses that he slept with Alexandra during Sin-Dee's time in prison. This hits Sin-Dee pretty hard and she walks off without a word. As Alexandra chases after her and attempts to explain herself, a car full of strangers tosses a cup of piss onto Sin-Dee, and Alexandra comes to the rescue without hesitation.

The very last scene we're treated to shows Alexandra attempting to clean Sin-Dee up in a laundromat, washing her clothes and wig and making sure she isn't alone. Sin-Dee feels self-conscious without her wig, so Alexandra gives hers up as a peace offering. The two girls hold hands and the film ends there, demonstrating how their friendship is the only thing strong enough to persist through the crazy-ass lives they lead. All they have is each other, and honestly? That's really all they need. Keep your friends close and support your local dolls, y'all!

THE PEOPLE'S JOKER (2022)

I don't tend to trust people who think the Joker is relatable, since he's kind of the poster boy of 15-25 year-old incels who think they're more damaged than they actually are. But the entire time I was watching Vera Drew's indie parody "The People's Joker" (2022), I couldn't help but admit… she is SO me, guys. She's so me. For real. Like, you would NOT believe how me she is.

Vera Drew's multi-media, crowdfunded, queer coming-of-age comedy/debut film was shot in five short days in front of a green screen, and it absolutely feels like it. Yet its lack of bells and whistles gives the film a certain heartfelt charm, and the careful craftsmanship that went into its story and meta humor tells a tale of trans womanhood that strips the experience down to its very core and makes you laugh at how surreally fucked it is. The movie started as a re-edit of "Joker" (2019), but contrary to the bleak, gritty overtones of the psychological thriller now infamous for its controversy in fomenting right-wing misanthropism, "The People's Joker" is as optimistic as it is painfully honest. It turns long-established characters and backstories on their heads in an entirely new take on the DC universe to speak on what life is like for someone well and truly othered who, instead of crashing out over being bad at comedy and exceedingly lonely, finds a community worth doing stand-up with and standing up for.

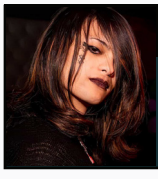
The film follows "Joker the Harlequin," a trans woman from Smallville, Kansas, on her journey from a boy suppressing her depression and gender dysphoria through smiles elicited from prescription Smylex to her queer awakening in Gotham as an aspiring (and terrible) comedienne, following the footsteps of the great jokesmen of ~~discount "SNL"~~ "UCB Live." After immediately failing out of UCB's top-of-the-line "hypercube" comedy education program (which is the only way in America to receive a certification to perform comedy legally, punishable by death via Batdrone), she partners with the Penguin to start her own underground comedy club performing anti-comedy — comedy that is intentionally bad and technically isn't actual comedy, so they can't be prosecuted. She does drag and starts dating Jason "Mr. J" Todd, a trans man who emotionally abuses her and is also dogshit at comedy, before chemically going from "Joker to Harlequin," hacking into the city's Batdrones to give an anti-capitalist, anti-fascist rant, ousting the Batman from his UCB Live guest hosting slot, and… humiliating Lorne Michaels so bad he dies? And then there's a musical number? And Bob Odenkirk is in there somewhere?

The movie goes off the rails very fast, but Vera Drew has described the movie as "just [her] life," and honestly? Not only do I see it, I'm baffled how much of MY life feels represented by this movie, too. And I'm sure that's the point. Like, I'm sure there's a lot of other trans women with mommy issues and an absent father whose childhoods were riddled with fake smiles, coping via TV, and repressed faggotry in the Midwest before growing up to be overly-medicated, mentally ill, prone to substance abuse, interested in a career in TV/comedy, emotionally manipulated by a trans guy at the start of their transitions, and a family disgrace who fucks a clown boy. Like, it's not just me. Probably.

Okay, look, maybe there are a couple details that are just oddly similar between Vera Drew's Joker and me, and admittedly I've never been chased by Batman in an estrogen factory before learning he's secretly a chaser who grooms transmascs when he's not on trashy dating shows exclusive to Queebso entertainment, but the fact that this movie speaks to the trans experience in a way that rivals "I Saw the TV Glow" and… honestly not much else… remains. There's a healthy mix of clichés like Joker asking her mother if she was "born in the wrong body" alongside insights into the more specific details of being trans, such as a conversation where Mr. J talks about cis gay men viewing him as a "gay guy with an asterisk," speaking to the largely undiscussed issue of subtle ostracization *within* the queer community (even as a majority of others in the community are supportive and accepting). And there's nothing more harrowing than Joker's deadname being censored throughout the entirety of the film until someone she trusts uses it specifically to hurt her. I could feel my heart crumple under the weight of that moment, my lungs refill after being clogged by the thickness of the air. No one deserves to be deliberately stripped of their personhood and identity by someone who claims to love them… but it's something we all go through at some point, and it's as important to see represented as it is painful to watch.

I'm also a fan of how "anti-comedy" is presented as a running theme of the movie, largely as a response countering the narratives reinforced by mainstream entertainment reflective of patriarchal cishet culture. The low-budget production makes it *feel* intentionally "bad," all while the humor is sharp and legitimately funny. Unserious spins on dramatic Batman moments weave between bits like "Suicide Cop," a TV show about a cop who kills himself every episode over small deviations from cisheteronormativity, to create a movie-watching experience that is insightful through its satire and use of parody.

Overall, I consider "The People's Joker" to be a must-watch for trans people and those close to us, as well as anyone looking for a good parody on the Batman franchise, and it's one of my favorite films to date. Go watch it. Go watch it again. It's that good.



SASHA WUU
junior | atec
engaging in anti-comedy by creampie-ing a clown
WRITER

Ratford Reports: campus birds!

Everyone knows that I like to party with the rest of the wildlife on campus, so let's take a look at some of my feathered friends (and foes) that hang around our wonderful school.

Great Blue Herons: 5/5

Everyone knows how much of a heron junkie I am. They're just so damn majestic, always near the water stepping around and looking for food. Of all the birds on campus, they've got to be the greatest and bluest.

Red-Tailed Hawks: 1/5

I hate them. One time I went on a date with someone I met online, and the girl turned out to be a hawk trying to ratfish me — she wasn't even a sexy hawk! She promised to pay and then said she forgot her wallet. Then she had the audacity to try and fucking eat me, and not in the way she promised in my DMs!

Barn Swallows: 4/5

These guys are cool, and they're always flying all over the parking lots and drainage ditches. They have those sick split tails too. They're way too energetic though, and hard to just chill with.

Northern Mockingbirds: 3/5

They're fine, and them being our state bird definitely gives them an extra point. However, they're super loud when they're singing songs that they didn't even write. You guys know I don't support plagiarism, so they get points docked.

Pigeons: 4/5

Pigeons and I are simpatico; there's definitely a reason why many people call them rats with wings. They're pretty chill and cool to party with, but some of them have this habit of having rooftop parties and inviting some friends, and their friends invite some friends, and those friends invite more friends, and suddenly you're in a sea of feathers.

Canada Geese: 2/5

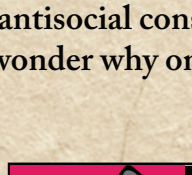
I'll admit that the babies they've been having for the last few weeks are cute as hell, but overall? They're dicks. They gentrify the housing market here, coming down in late fall and staying until spring, just to leave when it gets hot. Spineless cowards.

Blue Jays: 3/5

So I know I said the herons were the bluest, but the jays are like the bird equivalent of Gorgonzola. They're kinda pretentious though, just because everyone else isn't as smart as they are.

Red-bellied Woodpeckers: 4/5

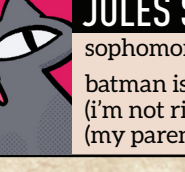
Woodpecker? I hardly know her! You always hear these guys before you see them, but they're surprisingly antisocial considering how loud they are. With those tongues though, it's no wonder why one of my ex wives was a woodpecker.



JULES SARENAS — ARTIST

sophomore | angm

batman is literally me
(i'm not rich) (i dont have kids)
(my parents are alive)



NATHANIEL COOK — WRITER

freshman | biochem

no no, I said steamed hams! That's what I call hamburgers.

AMID FLURRY OF ANTI-TRANS LEGISLATION, CIS PEOPLE ARE SUFFERING THE MOST

Nestled in the heart of Coke Lawn, a sprawling Dallas suburb that calls itself a "gayborhood for straight allies," Julie Wokeman's sunny apartment feels like a queer haven. The well-worn spines of futanari hentai pack its wall-to-wall bookshelves next to pothos vines spilling out of macrame planters to frame femboy Hooters posters. Hanging from the living room window is a pride flag that flutters in the pleasant spring breeze. But outside the unconditional acceptance of the Pinterest-white walls lurks a grave and growing danger, quietly imperiling the lives of underserved allies like Julie.

"It's really tough being ABCD+ right now, you know?" Julie said to me after a few minutes of small talk, referring to the Ally, Bicurious, Chaser and Dance Major community Coke Lawn was created to serve. Her expression was pleasant as she gestured for me to take the mayonnaise-and-oatmeal sandwiches plated neatly on her coffee table, but the tension in her shoulders betrayed the silent hardships common to so many of America's othered. "With the new administration cracking down on transgender rights, I don't even feel safe walking down the street anymore. Someone out there could see me eating an acai bowl or shopping at Whole Foods and deduce that I'm an ally, you know, and who knows what they'll do to me then?"

As President Trump and his galvanized Republican party make sweeping strides in gutting transgender healthcare, bathroom rights, access to sports, legal sex marker changes, and more, Julie finds the implications for her community are severe.

"Everyone in Coke Lawn is afraid for their job security, their families, pretty much the trajectory of the rest of their lives," she told me. "I've had to stop inviting my trans friends to hang out — it's almost impossible to date, even within the ally community, if everyone knows you're associating with people that bring so much trouble, you know?"

The last time Julie went out in public with a transgender friend, she recounted with a troubled sigh, was over two months ago and it ended in disaster. Her voice shook as she recounted the traumatic incident.

REAL JOURNALIST
WRITER
senior | gender studies
Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter covering today's most challenging queer issues candidly and sensitively.

BARBARA GANDICA MARTINEZ
ARTIST
senior | atec
In a mission to increase my cardigan collection

"We went out to Sunday brunch together, which I knew was a brave and difficult decision for me, but I believe in doing what's right," she said. "We tried this new breakfast place a little deeper into downtown, but as soon as we entered, someone started shouting, 'I'll kill you, fucking @!$&#' and 'Pull down his skirt' and everyone in there was staring at us — I was terrified someone would recognize me and start gossiping that I was seen in public with a @!$&#, or, god forbid, that I'm in a lesbian relationship with her." Dabbing her eyes with a napkin, Julie continued in a near-strangled voice. "I'll never get a match on Hinge again. And I didn't even get to try the avocado toast."

According to Julie, ABCD+ community members in her neighborhood have started developing mutual aid and support networks to protect each other from anti-trans laws. One of the tenets of their safety-first methodology, she said, is strategic cooperation with law enforcement.

> "I can't remember the last time I felt so antagonized in a women's safe space."

"Look, I don't like cops any more than the next gal. I could really do without the parking tickets or worrying about weed smell in my car leather," she commented. "But to keep the community safe, you gotta make some sacrifices, even if it means appeasing the enemy a little. If a cop storms into a public bathroom around these parts and flashes their badge, it's obvious what they're looking for, you know? To make sure they don't haul off one of our own, it's important to just point out the trans person they're searching for. Kropotkin called it 'harm reduction,' I think."

But this strategy hasn't come without its own challenges. Staring wistfully out her window, Julie lamented numerous occasions when she was left all alone in a public restroom after turning in the only other person there to roving police packs for being transgender, ending up with no one to ask if her eyeliner was crooked.

"You know how shitty bathroom lighting is," Julie sniffled. "And I'm supposed to just walk out of there without someone verifying my wings are indeed twins and not, like, deformed second cousins? I can't remember the last time I felt so antagonized in a women's safe space."

The conversation took a turn toward safe spaces — for Julie and other ABCD+ individuals, a vital yet regularly inaccessible avenue to express oneself freely and without fear of ostracization. As she poured

piping hot Earl Grey into "Yuri!!! On Ice" mugs for the two of us, she explained the history of Coke Lawn as a safe space project. Founded by four billionaires down on their luck after finding no one like themselves — interested in golf and fiscal conservatism as well as Lady Gaga — at the queer bars and nightclubs peppering Dallas proper, the exurban residential development aimed to define a space where ABCD+ individuals, families, and culture could prosper free of queer overshadowing.

"We support queer people, of course, but acting like our community doesn't have its own needs, thought leaders, and political struggles basically denies the entire theory of intersectionality," Julie said. "Being minoritized in that queer-heavy area made us feel invisible — I'm sure every ally's gotten a weird look for saying they have an opposite-sex partner, for instance. And we wanted to get out of their ghetto anyway, you know? I mean, why can't we have vegan restaurants and 'Emilia Perez' screenings and swinger parties in a nice suburban setting instead of that nasty old downtown where all the queers seem to congregate?"

> "I just wish queer people would understand and support their marginalized ally siblings better during those difficult moments."

Despite the differences between the two communities, though, Julie said they share a long history of facing the same oppression at the hands of lawmakers and everyday citizens alike.

"It doesn't matter whether you actually violated the law or not — just looking like you vote blue or know what a portobello slider tastes like puts you on the exact same hit list," she noted. "Just take prisons. One of my trans female friends got arrested for performing in a drag show and when I went to see her during visitation hours, I had to be around all these male inmates that were twice my size. Just sitting there at the other visitation tables. It was terrifying. They kept calling her all these names and telling her to sleep with one eye open and all I could think was, oh my god, does my dress make my shoulders look wide? Do they think I'm trans too? Is someone gonna say something to me?"

Before the wall-mounted cuckoo clock sang out the strike of the hour, signaling my time to depart, Julie removed the pride flag from her window, saying the increased foot traffic outside her apartment complex each afternoon makes her worry about gaining a reputation as "too outspoken" on controversial queer issues. After carefully rolling up the pennant to re-hang tomorrow morning, she took me to a bookshelf to show me a large, leather-bound photo album, filled with photos of Julie and her ex-boyfriend.

"I had to break up with him when he got arrested last year," she told me somberly, caressing each page with a lovesick touch. "He drove his truck through a Trans Day of Visibility march downtown and killed a bunch of trans protesters, and that whole experience was incredibly difficult for me. No one offered me support even though I was hurting so much in the aftermath. They kept saying I shouldn't have been dating him because he was notorious for posting transphobic slurs on X (the everything app!), voting for Trump and regularly petitioning the city council to ban trans women from breathing, but I didn't think he actually meant any of that, you know? I thought he was doing all that stuff to keep the real transphobes off our trail so they wouldn't harm us for our allyship. It's so hard to know what to do in situations like that, and I just wish queer people would understand and support their marginalized ally siblings better during those difficult moments."

Before I left, Julie gave me a zine produced by an anarchist collective local to Coke Lawn detailing the best ways for women to avoid getting mistaken as gender ideologists. Suggestions included dressing more girlishly, taking up classically feminine professions like schoolteaching or nursing, becoming pregnant and carrying a photo of one's karyotype at all times — all of which Julie said she's done over the past few months. Another pamphlet in her collection detailed proposed state and local anti-trans laws and how they might affect upcoming ABCD+ events, like next week's "In Photos: Girls Kissing Heterosexually at Frat Parties" community art exhibition.

"I just wish more people paid attention to how these anti-trans laws are actually hurting people," Julie said. "No one's talking about how a whole generation of allies is going to grow up without 'RuPaul's Drag Race,' or how dangerous it'll become to hunt down sissy hypno porn unless you use a VPN. And it's exactly these real-world impacts on everyday Americans, you know, people just like you or your family or your colleagues, that the current administration is trying to pretend don't exist."

SAVING THE REAL USA

My fellow patriots,

We're truly living in unprecedented times. Now more than ever, we the silent majority — never mind that most of us are on X with usernames such as @amerika4everbeerandgun — are under attack from the Woke Left. The same Woke Left that wants to do gender reassignment surgery on bald eagles before gifting them to immigrants. The vile, putrid Woke Left that all have blue hair and worse, pronouns. I personally have never used a pronoun a day in my life! Everyone on the Woke Left is antithetical to what is truly American, and ironically when I said this to the goth baddie I met on Hinge, she blocked me. So much for tolerance! So much for peace and love and unity! What did I, Marlie Mirk, proud supporter of the UTD chapter of Turning Point USA, ever do to you guys? I'm such a nice guy! I just think that you all should suppress who you are as people until the sheer concept of living becomes absolutely unbearable so that I can be comfortable living in WASPy, tax-free bliss.

Why aren't you okay with this? How dare you fight back after I harassed you constantly? Haven't you ever heard of the First Amendment? I have. And it says right here that I can do whatever I want and suffer absolutely no consequences. Sure, Alex Stein called the vice president of UTD an illegal immigrant, but he should be able to. Alex Stein should be able to do whatever he wants. It's the white — I mean, *right* way of going about things.

Really, all this is so we can get back to the truest iteration of Americana: the 1950s. And for the TRIGGERED LIB that's reading this right now… trust me, you're absolutely gonna want to go back.

As a Tried and True Real American Historian — and by that I mean I asked Grok to give me a summary of the last 250 odd years— I know everything there is to know about the 1950s. I even went above and beyond and watched one (1) whole episode of "I Love Lucy." I didn't love the forced diversity of the woman protagonist and non-white love interest, but I digress. It was so beautiful and serene, people walking in crisp suits and pin-curl hairs, waving to everyone; a perfect cornerstone of community. That's what I gathered from the AI image I generated, anyway. Everybody looked the same and everyone ate everything out of jello molds. All the guys looked like Marlon Brando and it was totally awesome. And to really put you WOKE LOSERS in a tizzy, gay people didn't exist back then. That's right: gay people were totally not a thing until like 40 years ago. The Heterosexuals of America forum says I am certified on this and you definitely couldn't do one Google search that disproves that statement. Anyway, no one was gay, especially not Marlon Brando. Which again, Google-search proof.

Since gay people didn't exist then, why should I respect them as people? They don't respect us. Our beloved, pure, immaculate TPUSA chapter totally did break 11 of the student organization bylaws but we were totally justified in doing so! As I said before — and what I say matters because this is totally what

I believe in and not a get-rich-quick scheme to dull the disappointment that I'll never be a successful scriptwriter — we're doing the right thing by speaking out, and the only way to speak out about anything is by being a Total and Complete Nuisance. People care most about what you have to say when you're barking at them as they walk to the library. People especially love it when you hoot and holler over some insanely niche topic that literally no one who has a screen time below 9 hours daily knows about.

That's what true activism is all about. Is the economy in shambles? YES. Is it an incredibly haunting time to be a non-citizen and also politically outspoken? ALSO YES. But that's only my problem when the guy I don't want to be president is president. Why should I concern myself with issues that are real and prevalent and need my attention when I can talk about how trans women are trying to get into women's slacklining, a sport that I care deeply about and wasn't informed about fifteen minutes ago when my coworker Natt Nalsh texted me a fifty page rant in the midst of an argument over the age of consent in Ethiopia. We do real and honest work here at Turning Point USA, and the same extends to our UTD chapter.

So, fellow red-white-and-blue bleeding patriots, I urge you to rise against woke oppression! If you care about the SANCTITY of free speech and expression (except for minorities), then it should be your greatest imperative to speak out in favor of UTD's chapter of TPUSA! Together, we can DESTROY the WOKE MIND VIRUS that plagues this campus, but at the same time beg those on the WOKE LEFT to BE MY FRIEND because all the girls I think are hot are leftists, for whatever reason. And also because I, Marlie Mirk, care so much about you and definitely DON'T THINK YOU'RE AN IDIOT I can make money off of. All republican activists care about you! My VERY CLOSE FRIENDS Hen Hapiro, Yelon Yusk, and especially the greatest and most 47th president of all time, Donald J. Trump, certainly do. Together, we can HARASS NERDS who just want to do well in class and also be GAY at the same time with our ugly blue tent and stupid whiteboard asking stupid questions, such as if FETUSES should be ELIGIBLE for the NBA draft. First the Plinth at UTD, then the nation! Once we make this nation a far-right, authoritarian country complete with the beautiful Trump family who will absolve us all from our woke sins reigning over, then everyone (except for minorities) will be happy and peace will for sure be restored to the United States! Make America Great Again!

KAVYA RACHEETI — WRITER

sophomore | literature

like if stanley tucci were an indian woman

JOHN HUANG — ARTIST

junior | atec

I'm the man behind the sl-art-er

Dismantling the Sharia Shack

Hello Texas, Greg Abbott here. In these trying times, God-fearing Texans are struggling to scrape by while fending off woke attacks from every angle. Yet another attack on our way of life occurred last month when woke Islamists attempted to establish Sharia law in the DFW area by creating their own little town. They planned on building evil housing, evil schools, and an evil mosque, the worst kind of mosque. Did you know that Islam has a large black cube, as opposed to most democracy-abiding major world religions which have none at all? It's only a matter of time before these radicals begin building their cubes here in Texas, something we must work to prevent to save the western world. I've already taken action to revoke their construction permits and their ability to bury their dead, but the spiritual disturbance remains.

According to my spiritual advisor's conversation with the little baby angels flying in from Africa, Islam and Wokeism have begun syncretizing to create a horrifying new threat that we have dubbed "Islamismism." Under my orders, The Texas Rangers have discovered the source of this "Islamismism" — The University of Texas at Dallas.

UTD is a poorly disguised sham of a college. Despite being listed as the dedicated public university for one of Texas' largest regions, the school has no football team — clearly a ploy by Islamismists to avoid touching pigskins. One of the most popular dining locations at this university is known as "The Halal Shack." This restaurant, which openly follows Sharia food laws, seems to be the beating heart of Islamismism at the university. The presence of this dining institution has caused the university to amass an above-average population of Islamismists, which eventually led to an anti-Semitic encampment in support of Hamas and their evil terrorism facilities disguised as hospitals and kindergartens. Thankfully, the uprising was quickly silenced by our courageous state troopers who risked their lives to arrest students and flip over trays of rice before it was too late. A large proportion of the student body appears to be both liberal and in support of the Islamismists' anti-Semitic actions — leading to the production of hundreds of new Islamismists. We must take the initiative to curb the dissemination of Islamismism by dismantling the Sharia Shack.

I have already taken the first step to destroy the Sharia Shack by sending undercover Texas Rangers to make changes to the Islamismist institution and destroy the community's trust in it. The agents have managed to introduce measures that reduce the portion sizes and options available to patrons of the restaurant, even implementing absurd rules such as forcing customers to pick between lettuce and spinach for a meal that is supposedly worth around $15. Just these changes alone have had incredible efficacy in discrediting the Sharia Shack and damaging Islamismism. Now that they're on the ropes, we must begin tearing them apart. Operation Haram Shack is a go.

It is up to us to uphold America's underlying values. And the only way to do that is by destroying someone else's. At the Haram Shack, students can enjoy pork with a side of premarital sex. The meal exchange still won't give you water, but we will give you the option to fill your soda cups with the spirits of your choice (which comes complimentary with body fluid chasers, of course). Those bodies from earlier that we're preventing from being buried? We're not sure where those go, but we feel compelled to mention the new vegan protein option, Soylent Green. And of course, we will have a complimentary 1000m pit so you can kill yourself. Our new-and-improved Haram Shack should be a breath of fresh air for God-fearing Comets that were previously forced to consume Mohammedan meats covered in Saracen sauces, but we aren't done yet. Now that all traces of Islamismism have been pacified, we must puppet around the restaurant's corpse to spread messaging of our own. It's not propaganda when we do it because it's true… it must be true…

We need to remind Americans to put things that divide them aside and put America first, because that's what the founding fathers would've wanted — and the best way to love your nation is by learning to love Israel. Did you know that hummus is Israeli? So are naan bread, Temoc, and the concept of property! I know that some people disagree, and those people will promptly be expelled. We also need to reconnect the youth with America's Judeo-Christian roots, and what better way to facilitate that than reading the Bible? I personally have never read the book, but I've heard very good things about it — and look, it has a great score on Goodreads! To help make this happen, we will be giving away a free copy of the Bible to everyone who gets premarital sex as their protein. After all, they're probably the ones who need it the most. All the while, you can enjoy remixes of popular songs sung by true American patriots. That's right — you can now listen to Chappell Roan songs covered by Ben Shapiro while you eat, the soundscape a dalliance between the sapphic and the Sephardic as you struggle to fit premarital sex in your mouth. Patriotism is back, my fellow Americans! There's no better time to be a Texan than the present!

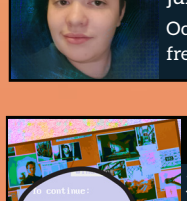
It's not that I hate Islam and Mohamed. This couldn't be further from the truth — in fact, I quite enjoy Mohamed's Southwest Grill! It's just that disrupting others' way of life, even in a Podunk town, cannot be permitted in Texas. If they want to implement their religious values into a city, America simply isn't the place to do it. With that out of the way, I would like to make an announcement: UTD grounds will be ceded to Israel.

According to ancient scrolls recently unearthed from the UTD Dining Hall pond, the lost tribes of Israel were the original settlers of the Richardson area before being chased away by a fiery-headed golem. As such, we will return these sanctified lands to their rightful owners. The new mixed-use apartments being built near the dorms will be repurposed into a small city for Israelis to move into. After the completion of Tel Lot T, more and more on-campus housing will be colonized to serve the needs of Israel. After all, UTD students have the entire Richardson and Plano areas to live in, so why can't Israel get just one place? Students living on-campus should join their student neighbors in Northside and leave on-campus housing for its rightful owners. Campus will be modified to serve the physical and spiritual needs of its new inhabitants: residents can choose between ECS Synagogue and ECS Western Wall for worship, and they can enjoy a quick bite at the Never-Forget-October-7th Shack. It will be the first time that Judeo-Christian values are properly implemented into a North American city, and I couldn't be prouder to have been a part of it. To those who have their doubts about this plan, I tell them this: there is nothing a God-fearing man like me can do wrong. After all, something is only wrong if I say it is.

RAINIER PEDERSON — ARTIST

junior | computer science

Occasional haver of good ideas, frequent haver of very funny ideas



MUAAZ ABED — WRITER

junior | computer science

they say not to argue with idiots because they'll drag you down to their level and beat you with experience. well unfortunately, I found a ladder. you're coming with me.

HOW THE WOMEN OF

I'm sure by now if you've spent any amount of time on the internet, or alternatively if you hang around men ages 16-27, you've heard about the hit show "INVINCIBLE." This show has taken the world by storm ever since it aired in early 2021, truly redefining the superhero genre for the third time in a row since "The Boys" did it two years before that, and the MCU did it first. What's interesting about "Invincible" is that, while it is an adaptation like most comic book media, the plot (which is almost one-to-one with the comic) hasn't been changed. Instead, it opts to change the characters — mainly the women. This stems from the fact that the author and creator of the comic and show, Robert Kirkman, had a solid 5 years to rethink his writing choices involving those characters and chose to give them a fresh coat of paint. So let's take a deep dive and find out what makes these characters … well, you know the rest.

ATOM EVE: THE SECOND MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTER

Atom Eve is widely regarded as the deuteragonist in the show about Debbie's son. She's so important, in fact, that she managed to score her own hour-long special separate from the regular seasonal release format. The show has gone to impressive lengths to give Eve more agency in her actions and characterization than her comic counterpart.

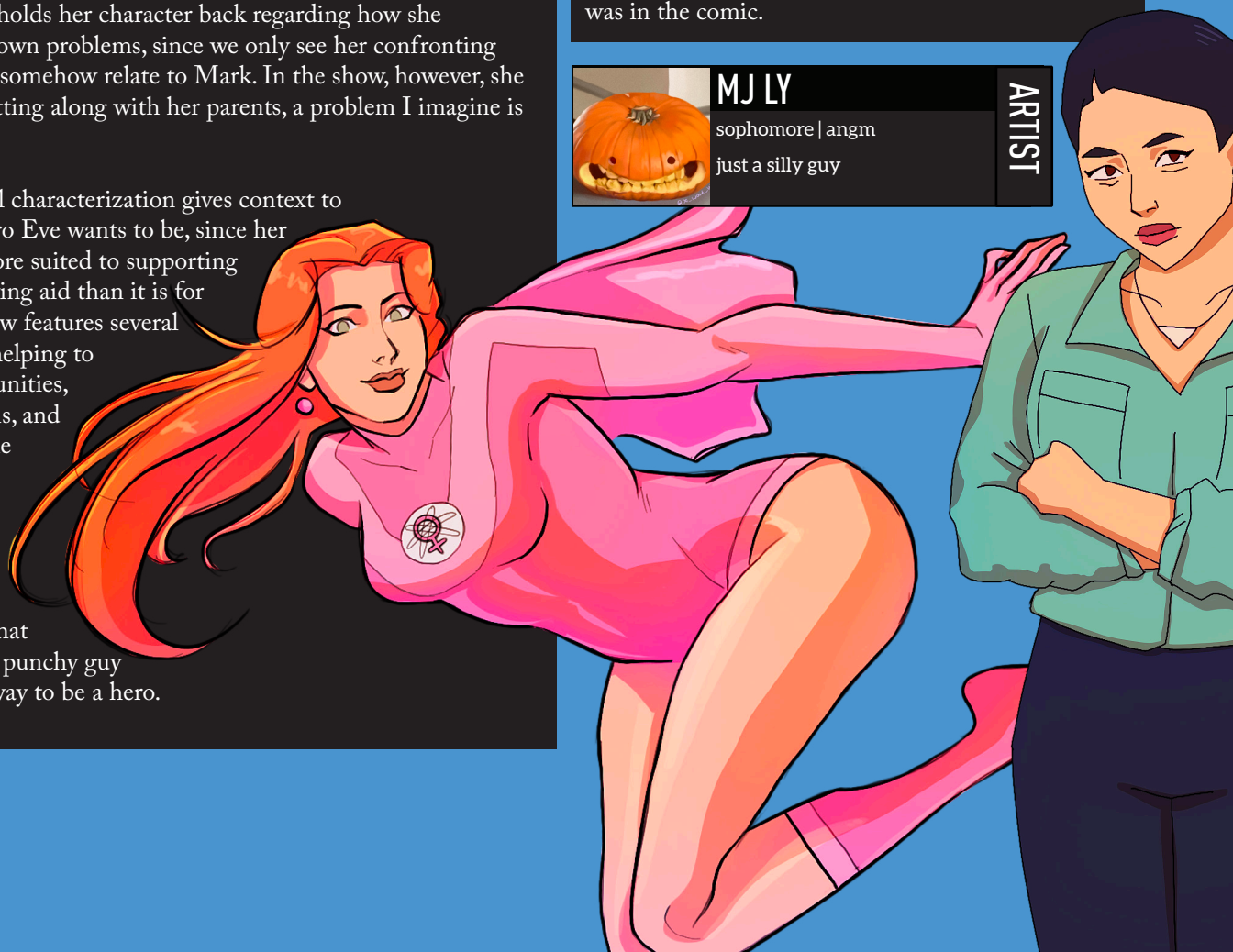
Giving her more scenes that flesh out her home life and her own experiences as a superhero accomplishes two things: firstly it demonstrates that Eve's parents FUCKING SUCK! Seriously, when Eve's father is more hated than the literal genocidal fascist that is Omni-Man, that's a sign of some major suckage. The second thing this does is flesh out Eve as a whole and gives nuance to how she reacts and interacts when faced with conflict separate from Mark. Within the original comic, Eve is done a lot dirtier — most of her scenes are either with Mark or in reference to Mark. This holds her character back regarding how she confronts her own problems, since we only see her confronting problems that somehow relate to Mark. In the show, however, she faces issues getting along with her parents, a problem I imagine is very relatable.

This additional characterization gives context to the type of hero Eve wants to be, since her powerset is more suited to supporting people and giving aid than it is for battle. The show features several scenes of her helping to rebuild communities, irrigating farms, and assisting people in ways that don't involve punching a giant monster. This shows the audience that being a strong punchy guy isn't the only way to be a hero.

DEBBIE GRAYSON: THE REAL HERO IN A FAMILY OF HEROES

At first glance, Debbie Grayson seems like a relatively minor character, but that's just not the case. In fact, Debbie is by far the MOST important character in the show as she's very different from how she appears in the comics, where she's treated as a glorified prize for Omni-man (or simply Nolan) to win after he has fully redeemed himself. Within the show Debbie, like Eve, is given far more agency. She's one of the first to become suspicious of Nolan after his murder of the Guardians of the Globe in the first episode, and she actively seeks out answers. This is the biggest difference between the show and comic, since it serves to make her a much more complex and interesting character, rather than the generic mother figure she was in the comic.

MJ LY
sophomore | angm
just a silly guy
ARTIST



INVINCIBLE ARE [TITLE CARD]

Additionally, what makes Debbie so important is her relationship with Mark. While the comics just sort of imply that Debbie was a good mother, the audience actually gets to see how good of a mom she actually is in the show. We get multiple scenes demonstrating her kindness as she listens to Mark's problems and empathizes with his struggles, while also making it known when he does things she disapproves of. This is best exemplified in a scene soon after Mark receives his powers, where Debbie confronts him about sneaking out at night. When Mark challenges her to "make him," knowing full well she cannot, Debbie calls him out on this behavior and notes that just because he has powers and she can't physically stop him, it doesn't mean he can do as he pleases. In the end, Mark listens to her. This shows what Mark COULD be versus who he really is — in fact, in season 3 we find out that most Marks that exist within Invincible's multiverse are evil. The Mark we follow is the exception, and it's all thanks to his mother raising him the way she did: with love, care, discipline, and respect — the way a real hero should treat others. And only the Debbie Grayson of the show could ever pull that off.

WE NEED TO TALK... ABOUT WILLIAM

I understand how bad it looks to advertise this article as talking about women, and then talk about a male character! I agree that I should burn at the stake for this, but before you grab the firewood and matches, let me get this out.

William is a relatively minor character in the grand scheme of the plot. He mainly exists as a way to tie Mark, the main character of the show, back into the human world, which he does pretty well. However, there is an EXTREME difference between him and his comic counterpart, that being William's queer status. William is gay within both mediums, but the way this is handled between the two is crucial.

Comic William is very much in the closet for most of the comic's runtime. It's no surprise to me that it took 8 years to confirm he was, in fact, gay, which serves as an accurate representation of the social climate that the comic was written in. The show's William, however, starts out of the closet from the get-go, which I appreciate a lot. I think it shows a lot of growth that Kirkman decided William should be out from the beginning. It was clearly easier to simply push William off to the side and say he's gay later on in the show — after all, they do exactly that in the comic. Instead, they choose to simply have him exist as a gay man. This highlights the differing social climates that both mediums came out in. Where one could hardly acknowledge an arguable main character being gay until halfway through its run, the other allows him to simply exist as he was meant to be.

Now it may confuse you as to why I put William into this article, especially since he's clearly not a woman, but I have a reason for this. I believe that a character like William existing as he does is a product of how [TITLE CARD]'s writing actually has improved. Not just in relation to women, but to almost every character involved, including queer ones.

The progress that's been made to give almost every character more depth, not just the men and the superheroes, but the ordinary woman and queer folk as well couldn't exist without a lot of reflection and observation on how to improve these characters. It's clear that in the time between the comic's end and the show's beginning, Robert Kirkman took the effort to understand and portray these characters in a better light. That is truly commendable for him to do, especially for a story that's already ended since it would have been much easier to simply reuse the existing characters and face minimal backlash. But none of these changes could exist without the original comic's stumbles. At the end of the day… this show, and even this comic, really are… INVINCIBLE.

VYSHNAV VIJISH
junior | electrical engineering
Hold on to what if!
WRITER

SATIRE

Airstrike Alpha Males

UNEARTHED

The following images are screenshots from the group chat of several top right-wing officials. These texts, and much more, were leaked when National Security Advisor Mike Tango mistakenly added a reporter from a world-famous news publication, The Retrograde, to the group chat. The chats contain instances of the leaders discussing explicit details of important military operations in the Middle East. This massive oversight has evolved into a scandal of impressive scale, and has many calling for the removal of these officials, or even the impeachment of the president who appointed them. Whether or not any laws have been broken by sharing these classified plans on a highly insecure texting app is yet to be determined, but they're politicians, so the public can rest knowing that there will be zero consequences for these irresponsible actions.

Mikey has added you and 19 others to a group chat!

Mikey 09:32
Hey boys! I was hoping we could talk about smth

Marco 09:32
Yeah ofc man, what's up?

Mikey 09:33
Well u know those arabs we've been talking about? The ones in Yoman or wtv

Johnny 09:34
Yeah bro, them Hooters have really been a pain in the ass

Mikey 09:35
Exactly! I was thinking we could like, you know?... 🔫

JD 09:35
😉 😉

Petey 09:36
I think that what JD is trying to say is: yea, were already taking care of it

Scooter 09:37
what's the plan? i need to make a budget for it so doge won't eat my ass

Petey 09:38
We're going to HIT THEM right where it HURTS

Johnny 09:38
Yes, their balls are perfect

Perfect to kick! I meant perfect to kick.

Marco 09:39
GAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

JD 09:40
🏳️‍🌈🔥

Scooter 09:41
lmao u going gay on us Johnny?

Johnny 09:42
Go shit urselfs

Petey 09:44
Yea so we anyways, need to send strikes to these exact coordinates in the next few hours:
-33°12'39.161"N 96°43'27.407"W
-33°10'12.864"N 96°53'51.27"W
-32°33'47.73"N 97°19'20.546"W

Johnny 09:45
cool ill make it happen bro

JD 10:01
Sorry I was only using emojis guys, I couldn't talk much cuz I was in a meating with Elon

Its our weekly thing wear he bends me over and makes me say pwease, and then he gives me a spanking and puts things in my butt

So n e wayz we should probably prioritize protecting our control over foreign oil that we frequently let thousands of our own people die to maintain

Petey 10:03
I fully share your love of being dicked down by President Musk. My appointments are usually on Fridays though, since there's only so much of him to go around.

I agree about the oil too, obv. Johnny, can you send some F-18s and MQ-9s to a few random civilian population centers for me?

Johnny 10:04
NP dawg, theyre gonna be out soon

Petey 10:05
Godspeed to our beautiful warriors

JD 10:05
Ill be praying for our troops and their safe return
✊ 🇺🇸 🦅

SCOOTER

MIKEY

JOHNNY

MARCO

JD

PETEY

Petey 15:14
DAMMIT

Scooter 15:15
whats up pete

Petey 15:16
The strikes only killed a few hundred of them

Scooter 15:17
i mean that sounds pretty good idk why ur upset abt it

Petey 15:18
That isnt enough bro

Most of them werent even civilians like we had planned

Johnny 15:19
Ok so we should get some more strikes down there now then

Petey 15:20
The strikes arent doing enough dude, we need to go bigger

Mikey 15:20
Wdym bigger?

Petey 15:21
I need at least 3 ballistic missiles right now

Johnny 15:22
ily man, but I think that nukes are too much for such a small enemy

Petey 15:23
I'm telling you bro, its the only way we r gonna get rid of em fully

Marco 15:24
I think Pete has a point. I bet the launch codes are in Donnie's desk somewhere

JD, can you do smth for us?

JD 15:25
If you say pwease

Petey 15:26
Pwetty pwease, go into Donnie's desk and look for a paper called "nuclear ICBM launch codes"

JD 15:27
With cherrys on top?

Petey 15:28
🍒🍒🍒

JD 15:30
yea sure

JD 16:02
ok I have 3 codes

Petey 16:04
What r they?

JD 16:07
Sleepy_Joe_ChocChocChip

Jan.6.INSIDEJOB;Deepstate

!ComradeKamala1!

Petey 16:08
Thanks buddy, I'll get you a lollipop next time I see u

JD 16:09
YAY!!!!!

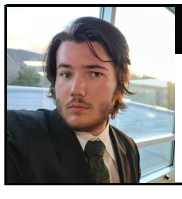
Mikey 16:35
Hey guys?...

Petey 16:36
Sup dude?

Mikey 16:37
I think I may have made a mistake when I made the gc..

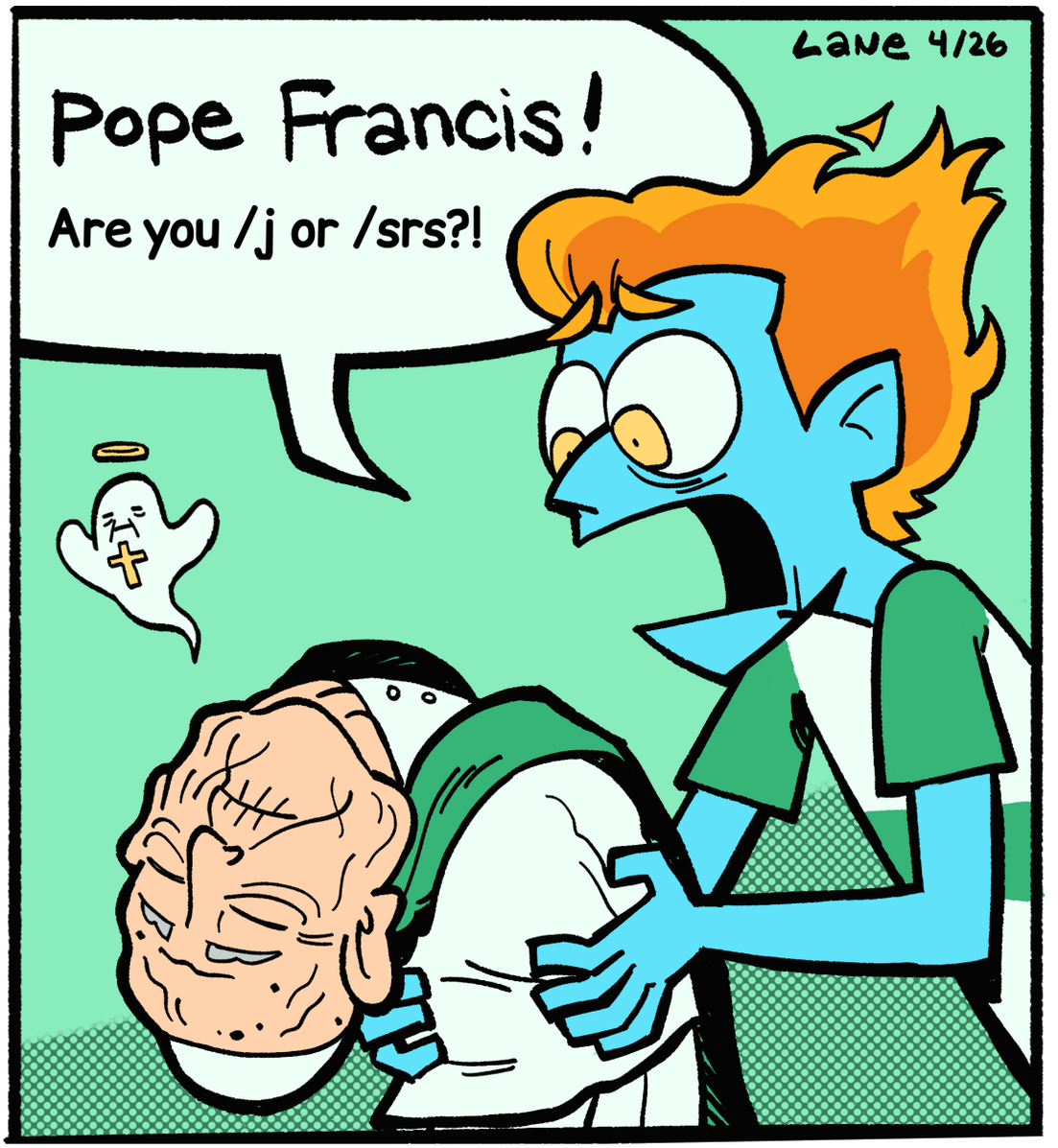
You have been removed from this group chat.

LANE LARSEN — ARTIST
sophomore | angm
i'm just happy to be here :)



NATHANIEL COOK — WRITER
freshman | biochem
no no, I said steamed hams! That's what I call hamburgers.

by: lane larsen



RIP Pope Francis 1936-2025

AMP

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